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Interrogation Womb, War game, Infalmmatory Verse, Free Throw, and Free Enterprise.

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Interrogation Womb

No waterboarding tactics so compel
a prisoner to waver and confess
as her salacious probes did in the cell
constricting him with amorous duress.
Notwithstanding sweet words in her ear,
which he pronounced like mantras in the hope
the chains of his constraint would disappear,
her supple limbs would scarcely give him scope,
until he ceded what she wanted most.
And that was written in the DNA
she garnered from him after her riposte
insisted she held unremitting sway.
Thus, yielding up this data for surcease
of torture, he was granted his release.

War-Game

You'd think she'd cower from the frontal vault.
into his body. Yet she plows full speed
ahead with virulent resolve to halt
her foe's advance amidst the tumbleweed.
Indeed, her pert physique seems scarcely buff
enough to tough out his imposing bulk,
she psyches herself to weather any guff
she's given by her adversary's hulk.
And though the altercation's clearly staged
and we're hard-pressed to think she'd hold her own
against such force, she's physically engaged
to show her combat skill's bred-in-the-bone.
Indeed, she plays the part with such finesse,
I'd heed the pluck behind her politesse

should she assume a more domestic role.
Still she displays sufficient tooth and nail
to warrant that she'll exercise control
beyond the prowess needed to prevail.
With both of them colliding to the ground,
her adversary lies in disarray
while she deploys resources that rebound
to make sure he's excluded from the fray.
With energy she still holds in reserve,
she uses it to forage through his pack,
then grabs his tricorn hat with all the verve
of compensating for her wardrobe's lack.
And seeing how she tries it on for size,
her captive should be wary where he lies.

Inflammatory Verse

Why would you smuggle in a renegade
idea inside the outskirts of the mind?
Although a foursquare sonnet's to be made
it nonetheless will put you in a bind.
For otherwise you'd have to let him in
and brook the consequences of the law,
or keep him out with his subversive grin
revealing his incendiary flaw.
But now your verbal finery conceals
his mischievous intent behind a set
of quatrains and a couplet. This appeals
to sensibilities that will abet
the fugitive to snuggle in your breast,
while his unwitting host will scarcely rest.

Free Throw

Imagine if Dan Sterling's senile rants
were not made public to the autocrats
who smugly dictate what we can and can't
communicate to girlfriends in our flats?
Our black Americans would still be riled
by fruits of their oppressed ancestors' plight.
and street gangs would be running wild,
ensuring that their neighbors heed their might.
But now that Sterling's forced to sell his share
of ownership by Teflon corporate shirts,
the black community will get a fair
proportion of the wealth for all the hurts
inflicted on them. Poverty's passé
when knights in mail that shine like silver slay

with magic dragons those who scarcely puff.
Forget a hundred years of slavery.
A sacrificial goat appears enough
to show the world belated bravery.
Who cares if it's 200 years too late
to fight the battle when it mattered most?
They also serve the cause who sit and wait
self-righteously to trumpet a riposte
against offenses in an old man's brains.
Instead of reparations to oppressed
descendants of those victimized by gains
acquired thus, those presently obsessed
to compensate the loss of photo ops
to jocks, insist this worse injustice stops.

Free Enterprise

Some politicians opt to plant the seed
of lenience to cultivate its soil.
As such, constituents are fit to breed
the fruits engendered by another's toil.
Nor do they have to share the husbandry.
Indeed. How often do they spare each weed,
surrounding rosebud, bush and maple tree,
if only for promoting rampant greed
against the prudent farmer's hacking scythe.
What matter if it generates a blight.
They much prefer the forlorn farmer writhe
with grief at harvests lost than that he slight
ambitions that they'd shrewdly bring to fruit.
And should he balk, he's cut off at the root.